

# Into the West

Peter Hollens

Lay down,  
your sweet and weary head.  
Night is falling.  
You have come to journey's end.  
Sleep now  
and dream of the ones, who came before.  
They are calling  
from across a distant shore.

Why do you weep?  
What are these tears upon your face?  
Soon you will see.  
All of your fears will pass away.  
Safe in my arms.  
You're only sleeping.

What can you see  
on the horizon?  
Why do the white gulls call?  
Across the sea  
a pale moon rises.  
The ships have come to carry you home.

And all will turn  
to silver glass.  
A light on the water  
all Souls pass.

Hope fades  
into the world of night.  
Through shadows falling  
out of memory and time  
Don't say  
we have come now to the end.  
White shores are calling.  
You and I will meet again.  
And you'll be here in my arms  
just sleeping.

What can you see  
on the horizon?  
Why do the white gulls call?  
Across the sea  
a pale moon rises.  
The ships have come to carry you home.

And all will turn  
to silver glass.  
A light on the water  
grey ships pass  
into the West.